

CONFIDENTIAL

PRISONER 2: Program and Documentation
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PRISONER 2 was developed exclusively by Edu-Ware Services, Inc., a California software development house committed to producing instructionally sound C.A.I. and intellectually challenging gaming systems.

PRISONER 2 was brought to you thanks to the efforts of the following individuals:

David Mullich designed and supervised the coding of the entire set of programs, developed Interactive Fantasies' high-resolution graphics system, authored this Player's Manual, and was the original author of *The Prisoner*.

Mike St. Jean coded all the BASIC portions of the programs and contributed to the game's design.

Wendy Peterson directed the creation and production of the packaging materials and wrote the information displayed on the box.

Jim Wootton served as primary playtester.

Sherwin A. Steffin
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

I. DEUS EX MACHINA

"The microcomputer age is upon us." Or is that old news to you?

You've read the press heralding the magicians of Silicon Valley for sprinkling microcomputer chips throughout the land and conjuring up technological miracles. Your place of work has probably already been transformed by a staff of calculators, word processors, data bases, and other electronic labor-saving blessings into "the office of the future." The technological breakthroughs of the semiconductor industry are slowly working their way into your appliances, watches, and automobiles. Even your leisure time has been absorbed by video games, electronic toys, and high-tech arcade parlors.

In fact, you happen to be a particularly computer-literate individual, being a microcomputer owner. You rub elbows with Apple, Atari, Pet, Radio Shack, and I.B.M. Fluent in computerese, you brandish such terms as DOS, byte, and boot. You read *Creative Computing* and carefully peruse *Softalk's* Top Thirty for the latest adventure and arcade games to add to your software library. You, more than anyone, should know about our electronic land of milk and honey.

Or do you? Good reader, if you go through life wearing rose colored glasses; if you throw away the front page of your newspaper but read the comics; if you prefer to devote your hours to the mindless entertainment of computer games; then please read no further, lest the visions of Pac-Men dancing in your head be disturbed.

I have documented evidence that in our fold there is a wolf, an abomination spawned by our electronic revolution. This entity is known as "The Island," the electronic embodiment of oppression, coercion, and subjugation. Erected to ensnare both the gullible and the troublesome denizens of our solid state world, The Island is a nightmarish realm of trickery, lies, propaganda, ambiguity, inconsistency, false leads, false clues, and false hopes.

The secluded, captivating village community was devised as a gilded cage for nonconformists, dissidents, untrustworthies, those who know too much, those who must be kept silent, and those who are easily manipulated. The poor unfortunates who have been whisked away into oblivion are subjected to their own personal hell. Every structure, path, stranger, and exit they encounter is part of a grand deception with the dual purpose of extracting vital information and breaking the individual's spirit under the will of the authorities.

Each of us who deals in some way with information technology stands as a potential target for abduction. Even now our numbers are rapidly dwindling. Many of you who are reading this already have gone over to the other side, and those who can still think for themselves will probably not believe my report. Yet, as a free thinker and a journalist, I am compelled to reveal what I have uncovered about The Island. Despite what Orwellian authorities may have us believe, ignorance is *not* strength. Knowledge of The Island and its nefarious schemes may be our only hope for survival.

II. THE JOURNAL

My introduction to The Island came about in an extraordinary way while I was cataloging my word processing diskettes in order to delete all the outdated files. On one disk of no particular significance, a text file saved under the name of "BOTTLE" caught my eye. Having no recollection of ever creating such a file, I ran a listing of its contents on a printer.

This is what the printer produced:

DAY 0 No more! I quit! I've had it with this job, with The Company, with my line of work, with the whole damn system! How did I put up for so long with this snake pit? And to add insult to injury, they were so damned impersonal about accepting my resignation. What satisfaction is there in venting your rage at a stupid machine, and watching it mathematically reduce your indignation into a classifiable three-digit resignation code? I should have left years ago, before I made my awful discovery.

Well, it's all over now. I'll put my past behind me and get as far away from The Company and its vile secrets as I can. But where to escape? Jamaica is nice at this time of year. I can recall some pleasant assignments in Hawaii. Manhattan is always . . . Damn, I feel so sleepy. I can barely keep . . .

DAY 1 Awake! What a sleep. Wait a second, this isn't my bed! Where am I? C'mon, pull yourself together. Shake off this drowsiness. Take a look around.

This building! It's like a maze. There must be mile after mile of these corridors — twisting and turning. What's this? A trap door . . . and a chute!

I'm back where I woke up. I don't have any choice but to start over. What on earth am I doing in this maze? Ah, here's an exit, down this hallway. Hmm, there's a note on the door: "Meet Me At Your Earliest Convenience — The Caretaker." Strange. Let's see just what this caretaker guy takes care of.

What the Hell? This place looks like a some kind of retirement community. Down the street I can see some shops, a diner, even a library. It's sort of charming, actually. I'd just like to know what *I'm* doing here. I want some answers.

Well, the natives aren't much help. They just smile sweetly, all the time speaking in riddles. "A still tongue makes for a happy life." That's their motto. But I don't think their silence is because they are afraid to speak, since there's no caution in their voices. It's something else.

I did learn that this place is called "The Island," but I have no idea even in which hemisphere it is. The few maps I found give information only about the Island's Interior. The building where I first woke up is called "the Castle" and is intended to be my quarters during my stay here. (I plan, by the way, to make that stay very brief.)

I tried to meet this Caretaker — I'm told he represents whoever is in charge. His house was easy enough to find, but the door was locked. I'm not so

interested in answers that I'm willing to cool my heels until I'm let in. It's time for me to leave.

Let's see, if I can't confront the top, I'll sneak out through the bottom. My "official" map says that there's just a white picket fence surrounding this place. Yes, I see it there, down the street. Just climb over and . . . What the Hell is that? I've run into watchdogs both animal and electronic before, but nothing like this! It's after me! I can't outrun him . . .

DAY 2 My confrontation with Pax yesterday left me with quite a headache, but I can still think clearly. I now know that this quaint little village is really a prison in disguise. Nothing is as it seems. These buildings are facades, their purposes hidden. Every situation I've run into is part of an intricate plot to lead me towards a false escape route, catch me off my mental guard, or convince me of the "virtues" of obeying the authorities will. Never before have I faced such a determined experiment in dehumanization, not even in my travels behind the Iron Curtain.

The purpose of these schemes is clear. They want to know why I resigned. In my two days here they've tried every damned trick in the book to find out my resignation code. Once or twice they almost duped me into revealing it, but I know that it is the one thing that is keeping me alive. But why? Perhaps they are afraid of what I found out. Do they think it will give them a clue about why someone like me would question the ethics of my profession?

Every prison has its limits. If I'm to escape, I must gather as much information as I can. Already I've begun to map The Island for myself. No easy task. The layout of some sections seems to change, and the interiors of buildings are occasionally different from the last time I entered. I can't let these bizarre happenings shake me; that's just what the authorities here want.

I'm fighting a psychological war now. Therefore, I must learn the nature of my captors' minds and attempt to second-guess them. They'll continue to bombard me with very demanding problem situations, and if I'm going to tough it out, I have to use all the problem solving approaches I learned in the field. But to endure the frustrations, I must fight to keep my cool, my sense of humor. From what I can tell wits, and individuality will make for an excellent sword and shield here.

I'll find a way off of The Island in no time at all.

DAY 5 Is there no escape from this place? Every turn I take, every move I make and door I open only lead me back to square one. At least I found the switch for turning off all of the tormenting melodies that echo throughout The Island.

I was allowed finally to see the Caretaker. All I learned from him is that I am under constant surveillance. Every move I make is monitored and used against me. I was shown a log of my daily activities from the time I get up in the morning until I go to sleep at night. Can they read my thoughts, too? It

makes me so painfully aware of the invasions of privacy inherent in my own profession.

This feeling of futility is overcoming me. They are doing everything they can to condition me to become one of the masses that surround me — complacent, nonthinking, unresisting. Why are they all so cheerful? Can't they see the environment that they are living in? Strange. I've been here only a few days and already I think I know everything better than the people who have spent their lives here.

Or are they all part of the plot? Some of the other Islanders have offered me help, only to betray and humiliate me. I have heard that there is an underground organization called The Brotherhood, but I don't know if I can trust them. If clues for escape are hard to come by, allies are even scarcer.

How can one survive in a perversion of society infested with brain washing techniques, delusions, paradoxes, and oppression. I must hang on to my sanity.

DAY 9 I think that I am going mad. No one and no thing can be trusted. Prisoners and keepers are intermixed, rules are vague and inconsistent, truth and falsehood are indeterminable. I am even starting to question my own identity, the one thing I have to rely on. I begin to wonder if truth is a constant, objective reality or if there are many versions.

Perhaps it is true that disobedience and lack of cooperation are disharmonious, working against the security, stability, and preservation of the whole. I am beginning to feel that slavery may indeed be freedom. What freedom can there be for those who know too much in this nightmarish land where every day is just a trip to the general store, a conversation with a number, and a chance to escape?

Should I give in and seek freedom as a member of the flock? After all, no man is an island.

The printout of the file ended abruptly without revealing a clue to the author's identity. Intrigued by the mysterious journal, I set out to find the perpetrator of this hoax, for his creative writing did raise some important philosophical questions. However, after checking the security measures of our office computer system and questioning various members of our staff, there seemed to be little possibility that the message was an office prank.

As I sought the originator of this file, curiosity soon turned into obsession. Other computerized "bottles in the ocean" turned up on several different computer systems. As I pieced together the various parts of the puzzle, I became more and more convinced of the journal's authenticity.

When the information that for some unknown reason was left for me began to dry up, I took my investigation of The Island to the local library. In what I've always regarded as a hall of free thought, I uncovered obscure volumes of information on the theory of mind control and psychological torture. Under the Freedom of

Information Act, I obtained declassified materials on the government's practice of such theory. Finally, I was able to get my hands on some classified files about The Island from my contacts who work on the Inside.

I now bring this information to you. Be aware that mine is not the first expose of The Island. Subtle indications of its existence have leaked out to the public in various guises. For those of you who have been too preoccupied to notice these signs, allow me to refresh you with some recent history.

A HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE

The 1960s was a time of widespread social protest, covert government activities, and brutal suppression of human rights. Phones were illegally tapped, and private records were seized and examined. A cold war was being fought both at home and abroad, but it did not escape the rising social consciousness of many American citizens, particularly the intellectuals and the young. Protest was the order of the day, and those in power found a full time job in controlling civil disobedience.

It was in this climate that *The Island* was originally created. Its purpose then was to silence dissenters and to perpetuate authoritarian rule. Leaders of various social movements and government operatives who learned too much of their employer's plans both unwillingly found themselves a new home on *The Island* — until such time as they were absorbed back into the system or died. But, from the perspective of the rest of the world, they had vanished without a trace, presumably the victims of foreign or illegal organizations.

Towards the end of the decade came the first expose of *The Island*. It was presented in the form of a television adventure series so that its producers could circumvent the problem of censorship. Its focus was as a psychological study and a political statement concerning the problem of keeping one's individuality and personal freedom in a technological society. While it did gain a cult audience, its messages did not receive the recognition that they deserved.

So, the influence of *The Island* spread unchecked in the seventies. The "me" generation proved to be the perfect target not only for *The Island*'s sinister activities, but also for one of the most powerful weapons of mass enslavement ever created: the computer. Ever increasing meddling by computer networks, data bases, and information peddlers in our daily lives forced us close to the verge of becoming mere numbers within the memory banks of hundreds of machines across the country. More and more information about us became accessible to anyone who had a link into the proper data base. With the flip of a switch, instantly our reputations could be tarnished and our influence destroyed. Lives became statistics, and statistics could be altered.

In short, the computer was turning society into a vast collective prison.

My first version of *The Prisoner* was written with these issues in mind. It therefore seemed appropriate to give my report on *The Island* in the form of a computer simulation. It intended to demonstrate, by example, how the computerized arm of *The Island* could infiltrate every institution to which we belong and grab us by our throats.

A more disturbing turn of events took place in the eighties, however. Instead of the public becoming cautious of computerization, they took the devices into their very homes. For hours at a time, people would sit blank-faced in front of television sets playing uninspired clones of *Asteroids*, *Space Invaders*, and *Pac-*

Man. An entire civilization was willing to waste their precious lives playing mindless games, relentlessly pursuing nursery school melodies, high scores, and pointless goals.

In response to this development, I wrote *Prisoner 2*. This latest presentation of The Island seeks to expose the most recent ploy by The Caretaker and his accomplices to rob us of our collective minds. All the alluring colors, hypnotic melodies, and other trappings of computer games are recreated in their seductive sweetness. Yet the elements of mind control behind it all remain clear.

THE PRISONER'S DILEMMA

The Island is an isolated, self-contained community whose exact location remains unknown despite the best investigative efforts of myself and my colleagues. The entire community is surrounded by a fence and a stretch of wilderness in all directions. Hidden surveillance devices keep an eye on the residents at all times, and the peace is kept by an entity referred to as "Pax."

Our best accounts tell us that there are some twenty buildings on The Island. Most of these buildings house such public services as shops, churches, schools, diners, libraries, and theaters. The Island is the ultimate prison, for such amenities serve only to weaken the residents' desire to escape.

However, The Island does have its vicious side. The institutions of the hospital and courthouse are in reality fronts for torture and intimidation. The Inquisition is alive and well, but armed with space-age technology.

The one visible authority on The Island is "The Caretaker," who can be seen only via a video screen. Those wishing an audience with him first must undertake a scavenger hunt to gain certain items necessary to pass through locked doors. The reward for collecting these keys is a chance to be baited and questioned by the Island's maestro of deception. Yet even he is a subordinate to The Master, whoever that might be.

Together they maintain tight control over The Island and know how to handle their guests quite effectively.

While every resource of The Island is geared toward breaking down the individual, there are various things that an Islander can do to put up a fight. Success in surviving The Island requires reading between lines, logical deduction, developing new and creative patterns of thinking, making intuitive moves, and detecting trickery. A resident will constantly find himself frustrated, confused, discouraged, puzzled, and angry. Whatever else, he must not give in!

As uncertain pawns of covert forces, Islanders must attempt to psych-out their keepers.

THE PLAY'S THE THING

Since this account of The Island is in the form of a computer simulation, it was necessary to make some concessions for the sake of playability. The only means of communicating with your computer is through the keyboard. An inverse cursor always indicates that the computer is waiting for you to type something. It may desire only a single keystroke response or several keystrokes followed by a [RETURN].

However, not every input has a prompt. If the computer appears to stop or "hang," it is probably just waiting for you to type something. If you become impatient, take the initiative and try nudging your keyboard.

You will quickly find that certain keys which have a special function at one point in the program may not behave in the same way at another. Consistency is not one of the attributes of The Island. Be open to change and do not allow yourself to be locked into a mindset. When in doubt, type something, anything.

The information that The Island is trying to obtain from you has been distilled down into the form of a three-digit resignation code. This number is given to you at the start of each new session. Memorize it or write it down for safe keeping: reveal it in any way and you will have lost.

Every decision is scored. The Island keeps you under constant surveillance and monitors your every movement. The score is set to zero at the start of the game and is incremented or decremented based upon whether or not your actions are those of an individual. The more individualistic you are, the greater your score will be. This score is revealed only upon winning, losing, or suspending the game and is closely linked with your chances of escaping. Many doors will be closed to you until your score reaches a high enough value. Since this score is mostly invisible to you, you must weigh and verify your own decisions to determine if they are in your own best interests. The authorities (i.e., computer) will give you no help.

As a player, you have the ability to suspend the game, a luxury real Islanders do not enjoy. To save your progress, either press CONTROL-C or type in STASIS, whichever seems more appropriate at the time. All of your possessions, scores, money, and other statistics will be saved away to disk until your next visit to the Island.

When saving your progress, you have the option of obtaining a clue to escape at a cost of twenty-five points. The quality of the clue depends upon your score. Players with low scores will receive the same clues over and over.

Since information is saved away for future use, it is important that you do NOT place a write-protect tab on your diskette. Doing so will only result in an error message being displayed.

For your convenience, a special error reporting section is implemented in the game. Please keep this in mind, for what you at first may interpret as an error may not be. A trick might have been played on you; certain possessions must be gained or tasks performed before some things work properly, or the computer might be waiting for you to press certain keys or make certain responses. Don't be too quick to assume an error (if one is indeed apparent, consult your warranty).

In transcending the medium of paper and using the Island's latest tool to bring this expose to life, we are somewhat confined by the limitations of the computer. However, wherever possible, the machine's restrictions have been manipulated to illustrate symbolically various features of the Island . . . including the way out.

THE KEY TO ESCAPE

There are many possible forms of escape from a psychological prison of this nature. Escape might be physical, mental, figurative, or literal. For example, residents have taken such paths as giving in and revealing what they know; holding fast and remaining silent year after year; joining the other side; or committing suicide. Each might be convinced that they have found an acceptable way out of their imprisonment.

But those who have chosen such paths have deceived themselves. To my knowledge, no one ever truly has escaped from The Island. Perhaps it takes an objective eye to see what one is facing, for I believe that I have discovered, from the bits of information I have gathered, the way out of The Island. It's all so deceptively simple. All one needs to do is CANCEL THIS LINE . . . CANCEL THIS LINE . . . CANCEL THIS LINE . . . INTERRUPT . . . INCOMING MESSAGE . . . BEGIN

Allow me to introduce myself. I am the Caretaker for the Master. Please excuse my intrusion, but I could no longer allow the author to deceive you.

You see, this journalist was one of our residents. We took very good care of him, but somehow he came under the delusion that we were his enemies. In his paranoid state, he believed that our civic leaders were attempting to rob our good citizens of their individuality.

The sad truth of the matter is that *he* is your enemy. He is attempting to influence your views. Rather than allowing you to form your own opinions about our Island, he preaches his own preconceived notions as though they were the ultimate truth about subjects ranging from the individual's place in society to the merit of arcade games. Who is he to make editorial comments to the world and belittle others for having different tastes in entertainment?

Such hypocrisy! Look at how he has succumbed to market pressure by taking a successful game (and don't believe it is any more than this) and injecting the obligatory sound and high resolution graphics effects, just to make it competitive with everyone else's product. Where is the originality? And he speaks of individuality! Now there is doublethink for you.

Do not allow his mad ravings to put you too ill at ease on your first day here on The Island. You needn't worry, there is no escape from this tranquil place. We would not allow it. After all, winning is losing.

But should you condemn him too severely, be informed that he has done some good. Without his efforts, we would not be welcoming you to our Island. He is fulfilling a role as recruitment director, sending more and more people into our open arms.

In closing, permit me to welcome you to The Island. I don't doubt that you'll have a pleasant stay. We have given all the buildings a fresh coat of paint and put new locks on the doors. I dare say, you may never want to leave.

Should you attempt to try, I wish you (in advance) many happy returns.

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE

For the purposes of your own investigative work, what follows is some of the unclassified material about The Island:

Disch, Thomas M., *The Prisoner*. London: New English Library, 1980.

Dobieski, Alexander W., "Modeling Tactical Military Operations." *Quest*, TRW Defense and Space Systems Group, Volume 3, Number 1 (Spring 1979), pp. 52-77.

Morgan, William J., *The O.S.S. and I*. New York: Modern Literary Editions Publishing Company, 1957.

Orwell, George, 1984. New York: New American Library, 1961.

Zimmerman, Howard, "The Prisoner." *Starlog*, Number 11 (January 1978), pp. 24-30, 44-45.



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